



The thirst games



hunger_games

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Chapter 1 by Anni Leigh (GONE...)

My eyes grow wide with horror as I hear my name come out from the huge speakers just a few feet away. The girls and boys around me all turn to me. They all wear frowns, but I know that as soon as I get on that train, they are going to celebrate. Celebrate that I was chosen, and not one of them.

They make a hallway for me, all the way to the stage.

I walk shyly, but mostly terrified, up onto the stage. The freakish woman dressed in an awful dress puts her hand on my back, and smiles.

How can she do this? Kill innocent children?

She brings me over to one of the two small podiums, and tells me to stand. So I do.

She shuffles the bowl full of boy names, and licks her lips with another creepy smile. *She is messed up* I think to myself.

She picks one of the hundreds of piece of paper, and unfolds it.

"Thomas..." she starts, hoping for some suspense. I see the crowd parting away, forming a circle around a few guys who must be named Thomas.

I recognize one of them immediately: the guy who used to work down in the mines with my brother. I hope he does not get chosen. I would hate having to kill him.

I guess luck does not exist, because I just got the worst name.

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"Cheer up, you two! You are going to live like kings and queens for one whole month!" Tradina smiled, the one who had drawn our names.

"Cheer up? We're gonna die!" Thomas frowned.

I stared out the window at the changing scenery, refusing to take part in this stupid conversation.

"What do you think, dear?"

I could feel both Tradina and Thomas staring at me. But I wouldn't turn around. Not until we reach the arena would I say a word.

I was going to have to kill Thomas, or he kill me, so I would rather not start making friends.

"Oh well... Eat up" Tradina said as I heard her heels click across the floor and out of the room.

Chapter 3 by Amelia Rose



I kept to my mental pledge and did not say a word for the rest of the trip. When we reached the main city and get off the train and into an expensive car, Tradina tells Thomas and I what will be happening in our month of luxury.

"You'll, of course, be living it up like the other contestants, going to parties and meeting all of the important people here in our wonderful city, not to mention you get to live in a five star apartment with me and the rest of your team, and you even get to go on TV!" She tells us and I purse my lips. "Yes, everyone wants to get to know you, so you'll get interviews and get to meet all the other contestants, oh I'm so excited for you!"

Interviews. Everyone wants to get to know you. I doubt it. The city people just want to find out who they should root for in the games. It isn't about who you are it is about how interesting you are.

Tradina chatters on as we drive through the crowds of people in the city, but I don't listen. Instead, I begin to come up with a plan. If the city people want me to be interesting, then I will be. So interesting that they won't have any idea who I am.

And I will stay right up to the day before the games.

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Then, for the first time in the city, I'm speaking. I'm speaking, I'll speak, and blow them all away.

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Chapter 4 by Amelia Rose



The month passes quickly, and at first, none of the city people notice me, too busy caught up in the rest of the contestants, but then, as the days pass, they begin to realize that I'm the only one of the 24 contestants they know nothing about. Just like I expected, more and more people grow curious, and the buzz builds up.

I am a mystery to them, and their curious minds can't help but wonder who I am, drawing some of their attention away from even the contestants they love.

Tradina grows more excited as the games draw near as well, and upon seeing the buzz I'm getting, offers me more and more interviews on the best shows in the country. I don't accept any, just merely toss them aside with a shake of my head.

Gradually, Tradina begins to get anxious and impatient with me. Then, finally, two days before the games go to air, she offers me an interview with the cities favorite talk show host, and the most popular broadcasting network, the night before the games. It is the best offer I have gotten so far, and after a moment of thinking, I smile and nod.

Tradina practically flips with relief, and the next two days she is buzzing with life. She tells me at dinner that the TV network are advertising it already and it is said to be one of the most anticipated program in the past ten years.

The next day, I have to be styled. My stylist spends most of the morning having me try on different fancy dresses, until, finally, she settles on a white dress lined with reflective material. She says that there is some sort of metaphor about my silence in it but I don't understand it, and she can probably see that in my face.

"Don't worry," she said, "the city people love metaphors, just like they'll love you."

I get the rest of the day alone until 5:00 when I am to be prepped for the interview at 6:30. I spend my time sitting in my room, looking out at the bustling city and listening to music, just thinking and enjoying the peace. In less than twenty four hours, I would be in the games and I

wouldn't get moments like these.

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Tradina comes to get me at 4:30, and we get to the car to take us to the interview. It's a short drive, and we arrive at the studio. I walk through the backstage door and brought me to a room where a stylist was waiting with my dress.

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She helps me into it and begins to do my hair. I'm not sure what she does, but the hair takes up the most time, and by the time she tells me it's done, it is 6:00. She does my makeup as well, painting my pale face so my eyelids shimmer and my eyelashes shine. Then she hands me a pair of beautiful white shoes adorned with the same reflective material as on my dress. I put them on, then she smiles and tells me I look beautiful.

I turn to look at the full length mirror on one wall of the room and am shocked to see my reflection. She is right. I look beautiful.

I only get to look at myself for a few moments before Tradina comes in and takes me to the side of the stage. It is only a minute until the show starts and the host, August Brown is being spoken to by producers and directors before she goes on. There is so much going on around me that I almost feel invisible.

"Everyone is watching you, Rune." Tradina tells me, excitedly. "There isn't a person in this city that doesn't want to find out who you are. So, whatever happens out there on that stage, just remember to be you. They will see through you if you fake who you are."

I nod and the red sign above the door to the stage lights up, indicating the show has started.

Chapter 5 by Aηηιє ღειgh (GONE...)



"And everyone, please stand up and give a warm welcome to our most mysterious tribute... Rune Lilly!".

I see the crowd stand up before me, and a loud cheering start. I suppress a smile; I promised myself I would stay this way until the games.

"Please, sit, miss Lilly" August motions me to a comfortable looking armchair. I take a seat.

"So, Rune. Tell us about yourself".

I don't answer, I just stare blankly at the crowd. They must be surprised that I don't care. This is when all the tributes try to appear as lovely and as likable as possible, to get sponsors.

"For example, what's your favorite color?".

Nothing.

I imagined Tradina, holding her face in her hands, crying about my poor performance. I hated disappointing her.

Still, my mouth was sealed.

"The time is ticking, Rune. How about, do you have any siblings?".

Silence.

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"Do you have a pet?"

Silence.

A small alarm went off, indicating the end of the interview.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, that was Rune Lilly!".

Halfhearted applause accompanied me back into the backstage, where a petrified Tradina awaited me.

Next to her was Thomas. How did he get-

I didn't even get the time to finish my thought, Thomas lurched at me. He knocked me against the wall, his hands on my shoulder, shaking me senseless.

"What is wrong with you! You might as well have committed suicide! How can you be so... so selfish!".

"Let her go!" Tradina tried to free me, but Thomas pushed her away.

He was panting, and his eyes were fiery. Would he... Would it hurt him if I died?

"I'm sorry" I squeaked.

Tradina's eyes grew wide. She had not yet heard my voice. Thomas, on the contrary, didn't find it remarkable at all; he had heard it many times before.

"How could you do this to... to your family? Not even try? Just give up?"

"I- I" I stuttered. I didn't think about them. I only thought about defying the Capitol. Proving myself.

"Too late now" he grunts, and violently removes his hands of of my bare shoulders. He stomps off, and I almost want to run after him, but instead I slide along the wall. A tear slides down my cheek. Tradina just stares at me in awe.

The next few days fly by. I train as much as possible. I talk whenever I can, trying to makeup for my possibly fatal mistake.

The big day comes. Tradina sobs as she says goodbye, pulling me in a never ending hug. Thomas even stops by my room to wish me luck, and to tell me that he hopes he won't have to be the one to end my life.

No one has any hope; not even me.

Let the games begin

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